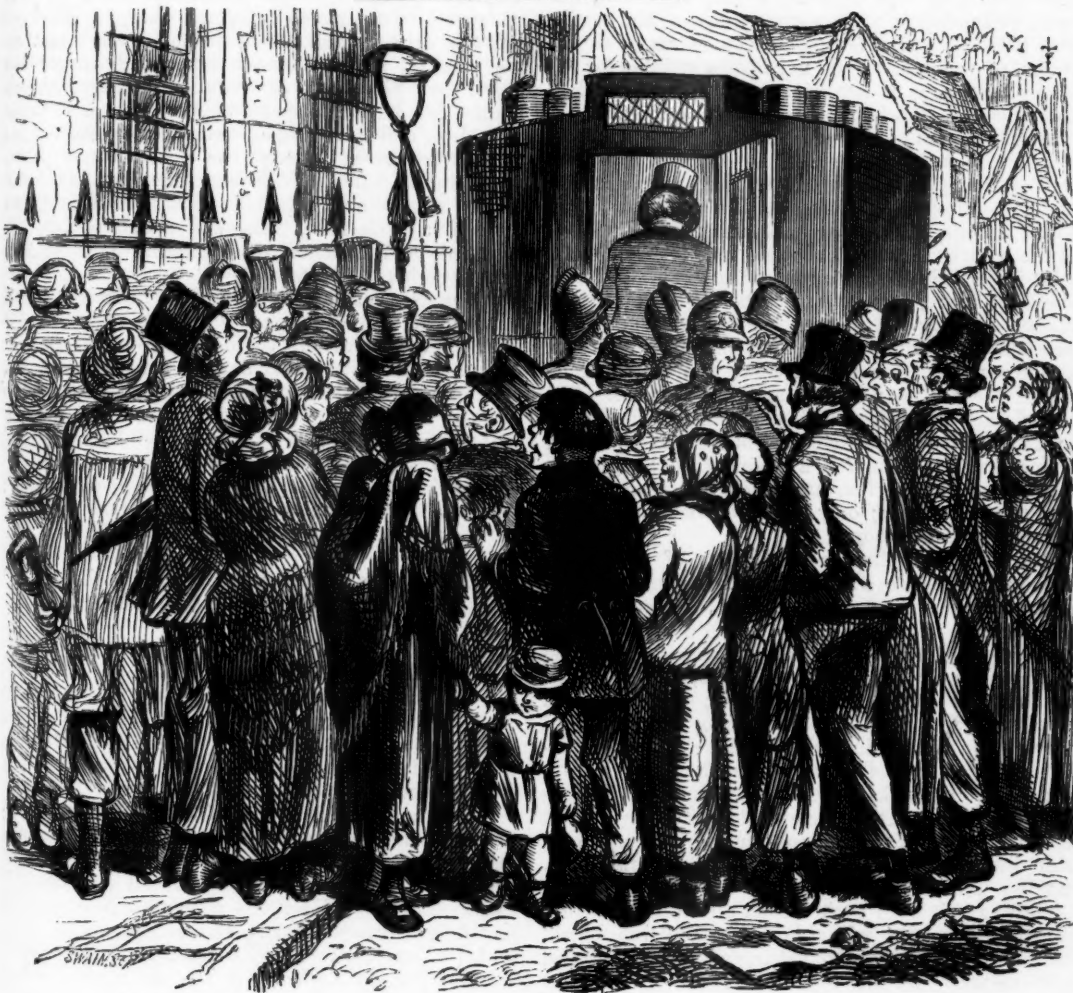


# THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Courper.*



THE PRISON VAN.

## DAVID LLOYD'S LAST WILL.

CHAPTER XLVII.—PUNISHMENT A BOON.

Clough's confession was the sole circumstance of special interest to the bystanders in the trial of Mark Fletcher. The point most favourable to the prisoner was sworn to by Mr. Appleby, who stated that the property of the deceased, consisting chiefly of lands and houses, was not available for charitable bequests. The verdict of the jury was, "Guilty, but not with fraudulent intent;" and the judge addressed

himself to Mark in the same judicial yet almost friendly tones in which he had before spoken to him.

"Mr. Fletcher," he said, "I regret to see a gentleman of your position and character in the circumstances in which you are now placed; but you have committed a grave fault against the criminal and social laws of your country. It is imperative upon us to maintain as sacredly as possible the security and fulfilment of all testamentary documents. It is also essential that the duties of an executor should not be violated with impunity. If the jury had

found you guilty of fraudulent intent, the penalty of your deed might have been penal servitude for life. But giving full credence to your own assertion that the last will of David Lloyd did constitute you sole heir, only bound by a secret trust which was necessarily dependent upon your honour; and taking also into consideration that the estate is now in the possession of David Lloyd's natural heirs, I believe the claims of justice and of society will be satisfied by the infliction of a term of imprisonment in the jail of this county for nine calendar months."

Barry leaned forward to listen, and held her breath, lest she should lose a single word of the judge's address. Nine months' imprisonment as a felon! Her trembling lips drew in a deep sigh, and her eyes, swimming in tears, sought those of Mark, who was uttering some few sentences in reply to the judge, of which she could not hear a syllable for the heavy throbbing of her heart. Until now she had cherished an unacknowledged hope that after all, when Mark was put upon his trial, and all the facts were made known, he would not only be acquitted, but even applauded for his conduct, which in her sight was altogether blameless. But to be sentenced to an imprisonment—the companion of convicts—Mark Fletcher, her friend and hero! The court, with its indistinct outer circle of faces behind Mark's standing figure, began to whirl before her eyes; but she set a strong control upon her emotion, and rallied her fainting spirits. Mark was looking towards her, she knew that, though her sight was dim, and he would see her no more for nine long months. She forced back the tears which were burning under her eyelids, and a smile, tender, troubled, and pitying, shone through them for a moment as he glanced last at her, before leaving the dock. Then all was dim to Barry again; only Richard was leading her gently out of the court.

Mark's first feeling was also one of wonder to hear any sentence at all pronounced against him. It was that moment of keen, incisive realisation, which comes to us all as a shock and a surprise after ever so long and so careful a preparation for the final moment. We walk in a dream, and all about us is no more than a vain show; we fight with shadows, believing that we are doing valiant battle, when all in an instant the cold, bare, real fact confronts us, and we find ourselves altogether unprepared for its stroke. Until the calm voice of the judge pronounced the irrevocable sentence, Mark had been standing, in a certain mental sense, outside the whole matter, thinking of his own case, pitying himself, watching the course of events, almost as if it were some second self, a little farther off than his own veritable eye. But the bleak, harsh words, "nine months' imprisonment," placed him instantly in the eye and centre of the case. For a moment he staggered under their sharpness, but his mind quickly recovered its balance. He thanked the judge for his clemency, took a last look at Barry's sweet face; and then he followed mechanically the policeman, who led him away to a room, where he was to wait for the arrival of the prison-van. He was already a prisoner.

The van came almost before he felt himself prepared for the ordeal of passing through a crowd of spectators in order to reach it. There was no softened tone of dream-like vagueness about his impressions now. Everything was standing out sharp and clear, in a cruel light. He felt that he

should see every face turned upon him in curiosity or contempt; and the memory of them would remain with him his lifetime. But he nerved himself for this last effort—for after that was over he would be sheltered within the walls of the jail—and walking between a double row of policemen he reached the van, and was locked up in his own small, dark compartment of it. His term of imprisonment had begun.

Yet if Mark had been as vividly conscious as he fancied he was of that little group of bystanders who were kept in their places by the police, he would have seen Clough's gaunt and haggard face turned towards him, with an expression of grim despair. Clough's feeble mind, enfeebled by the possession of one morbid memory, clung to Mark as the sole friend upon whom he could rely; and by his own act he had thrust this friend out of his sight, and placed an insuperable barrier between them. He longed to speak to Mark, but his throat was dry, and his tongue refused its office. He struggled to break through the close rank of police to grasp his hand for the last time, but his weak efforts were easily repulsed. Then he seized the arm of a policeman, who was standing by disengaged, and fastened his glittering and sunken eyes upon his official face.

"Yon is a good mon," he said, hoarsely, "and why do th' judge and jury send him to jail? Aw toud 'em as plain as aw could 'at it were aw as suld be in his place, and nobry has ta'en me up yet. Aw suld loike to be ta'en up, if they'd put me i' th' same jail wi' Mr. Mark. W'un yo' ta'e me up, aw ask yo'?"

"What have you done?" asked the policeman.

"Aw let oud Mr. Lloyd be run over by th' engine; aw did, for sure," answered Clough, earnestly, "aw could ha' saved him, but aw did na'. Yo' mun ta'e me up."

"I don't think that's murder, or manslaughter," said the policeman, with a look of puzzled consideration; "have you got any witnesses?"

"There was nobry nigh but me," said Clough, "nobry i' th' world knows about it, save me."

"Then you can't criminate yourself, you know," replied the policeman, relieved from his perplexity; "there must be somebody to prosecute, and some witnesses to be examined. You're quite safe; but you must be a precious rascal."

"Aw am! aw am!" cried Clough, despondently; "he were an oud mon, wi' white hairs; and aw can see him now; but he'd done me a vast o' harm wi' his gold. Bless yo'! there's niver a poor mon i' England 'at would na' ha' grown to love gold, if they'd ha' lived wi' him. But cannot aw be ta'en up for 't, and put i' th' jail wi' Mr. Mark?"

"Did you do anything at the old man?" asked the policeman, with an air of interest.

"Na, na!" answered Clough, "aw stood stock still behind th' gate watching him while he were lookin' abeaut for th' half-sovereign. Aw niver spoke to him, and he niver saw me. Only when th' engine passed aw sheauted wi' a' my might, but it were too late. He were killed in a moment o' time."

"Well, but you know, nothing can be done at you for that," said the policeman.

"Somebry or summat is wrung, then," replied Clough, doggedly; "they've ta'en up Mr. Mark, and clapped him i' jail, for nobbut burnin' a bit o' paper 'at nobry knew abeaut or cared abeaut; and

yo' wonnot ta'e me up, who's let a mon be killed stone dead, and niver put out a bond to save him. There's summat wrung somewheer, aw say."

"There's a good deal wrong, I fancy," said the policeman, tapping his forehead significantly; "don't you go bothering folks too much about this, or they'll be saying you're cracked, and be locking you up in a county building that isn't the jail. Take my word; there's nothing to support a charge against you, and you'd better keep a still tongue in your head. You don't give yourself an over good character, I can tell you."

"Aw suld like to see th' judge," said Clough.

"See the judge!" echoed the policeman, contemptuously—"a likely story! You'd better slope off to Lancashire again, for you're no credit out of it; that's a fact. If we'd known what sort of folks you mill-hands were, we shouldn't have done as much as we did for you, you may depend upon it. Get home again with you; that's the best you can do."

Clough turned away broken-hearted, without spirit to say a word in defence of his county or his class. He dragged his heavy feet along the hot pavement, round a corner of the Town Hall, and caught a glimpse of Barry getting into Mr. Appleby's carriage. She did not see him, and he slunk away quickly, fearful of being recognised by her after his confession. He felt that she and all good people must loathe the very sight of him; and the more so because, as he now knew, no legal penalty was allotted to his sin. It seemed to him that he must become an object of greater and more constant abhorrence than if he could have been shut up, out of sight and notice, in the shelter of a prison. He began to fancy that already people pointed after him as he passed by, and whispered to one another the story of his treacherous cruelty. He kept near to the walls, with a shambling gait, and bended head, only glancing up anxiously from time to time from under his shaggy eyebrows to make sure of the scowls and frowns of his fellow-beings. Where to go he knew not, nor how to return to Manchester. The shilling which Mark had given him was all the money he possessed, and to apply for his expenses as a witness seemed like demanding the price of blood. If he sank into beggary, thought Clough, and wandered from door to door to ask for bread, it would be no unfit punishment for his greed of gold.

He remembered after a while that there was one place he would like to see before he turned his wandering steps from Thornbury. A woman was coming along the streets in a direction contrary to the Town Hall, and she might not have heard of his crime. He stopped her, and spoke humbly.

"Missis, could yo' tell me wheer aw suld find the jail?" he asked.

She gave him the necessary directions, looking kindly at him, and Clough's heart opened itself a little to her.

"Thank yo' kindly," he said, "aw'm fain to see th' eautside on it. Th' best freend aw ha' is i' th' inside."

"A prisoner?" she inquired.

"Ay!" he answered, shaking his head sadly.

"Any relation?" she asked.

"Na, na," he said, wearily, "but my best freend, and it's aw mysel' as he' helped to put him theer."

"That's bad," answered the woman, passing on; and Clough also went on his way. It was bad;

everything was bad with him, he said to himself. He found the jail, and walked round it, looking up to its high and thick walls with a great longing to be sheltered from himself and the world within them. He felt as if, could he suffer some defined and legal penalty, his crime would be expiated, and his conscience would be at peace again. But the great walls and barred gates were impassable for him. The sun was going down behind the low hill lying behind Clunbury in the west; and the broad plain between, sloping up to that gilded sky-line, was flooded with sunset light. He sat down in an angle of the walls, sheltered by a projecting buttress, and gazed sadly but vacantly upon the growing, farewell splendour of the day, which the eyes of the prisoners within could not behold. The sun went down, and the prolonged twilight came with its abundant dew; and the short night, perfumed with the scent of hay, passed over him; but still he did not move. He had nowhere to go to; no work, no home, no friends. He was a rascal and an outcast, with no right to clasp hands with honest folks, or rest under their roof. And no man would take vengeance for his sin.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—HOMELESS AND FRIENDLESS.

CLOUGH slept heavily at last, crouching in the corner of the buttress, where the children had left their playhouse the day before. So heavily he slumbered that some great drops of rain, which fell as a fore-warning of a coming tempest, did not rouse him. An ominous stillness and heat brooded over the prison, while black clouds, which made the brief night of summer as dark as the beamless midnight of winter, gathered in mighty masses overhead. A swift low wind passed by, moaning without the prison walls, as if even it could find no entrance there, and then died away in the distance, amid the faint rustling of leaves stirred for an instant from the sultry silence in which they had dwelt all day. If the sleeping man heard it, it was only to sigh bitterly in his sleep, as if in answer to its low wail. Both rain-drops and wind had warned him to seek some shelter from the approaching storm; but he gave no heed to them, and slumbered on in his unshared wretchedness. The clouds parted at last with a glare which lit up the distant hill of Clunbury and the river rolling at his feet, and Clough started, opened his stiffened eyelids, and caught the fleeting vision of the landscape. He tried to raise himself, but his limbs were numbed, and he recollected dreamily that he had no refuge to go to. The thunder-storm deepened in vehemence, and roared angrily against the strong high walls, which mocked and echoed its long roll, while Clough listened languidly and listlessly, his head lying upon the lower course of stones which formed the foundation of the prison-walls. Whether he was falling asleep again, or whether it was some strange new drowsiness deeper than sleep which was creeping over him, he could not tell; but his eyelids closed again as if some resistless fingers were pressing them down, as they close the eyes of the dead, and his ear grew deafer every moment to the roar of the tempest.

At about six o'clock the next morning, the usual hour for day-labour at Thornbury, a brickmaker and his comrade, passing under the jail-walls on their way to their kilns, found a man lying in the corner of one of the buttresses. That he had been out all night through the storm was evident by the drenched



condition of his clothing, though that had been partially dried on the surface by the heat of the morning sun. They shouted to awake him, and one of them pushed him roughly with his foot. He moved then and groaned faintly, and the men stooped over him to look into his face.

"I say, canna' yer ger up?" called one of them into his deaf ear; "thee'st been here all night, seemintly, through the thunder and all. Hast thee got no friends?"

At the word "friends," Clough made a violent effort to speak and move; he pointed his stiffened hand back towards the prison, against the wall of which he leaned.

"Nobbut Mr. Mark," he murmured.

"Who's he?" asked the brickmaker.

"They've ta'en him up," whispered Clough, "and put him i' jail i'stid o' me."

"Ay, ay," said the man; "and where dost thee come from?"

"Fra' Manchester," answered Clough, faintly, before relapsing into unconsciousness again.

The men consulted together, staring down at the prostrate form of Clough in perplexity, until they caught sight of a policeman passing the corner of the jail, and they hailed him with loud shouts. It was the policeman to whom Clough had confided his story the day before, and he gave him a contemptuous shake, as he bade him get up, and be off out of there sharply. But Clough was past feeling his shake, or hearing his command; and after a closer investigation the policeman issued his opinion.

"It's an infirmary case," he said, authoritatively; "one of you fellows stay beside him, while I get help."

In about half an hour Clough was carried into the infirmary, and laid in one of the sick wards. It was a case of brain fever, said the doctors, aggravated by exposure to the storm. The malady was probably more that of the mind than the body, and for some time it did not yield to any remedies. He raved, as the diseased brain will rave, sometimes half rationally, at others wholly incoherent, but ever with the same sorrowful key-note, that he ought to have borne some penalty for his crime. It was many days before he came into possession of his right senses, and then both mind and body were as feeble as those of a little ailing child.

"Wheer am aw?" he asked of one of the nurses in a whisper.

"In the infirmary," she answered.

"I' Manchester?" he said, with a light upon his face.

"No, in the infirmary at Thornbury," was her reply.

"Thornbury," he murmured, "aw dunnot know wheer Thornbury is."

"It's here," said the nurse.

"Wheer aw am?" said Clough.

"Yes, to be sure," she answered, passing on to another bed, and leaving him with a vague, hurried crowd of remembrances breaking upon his mind. He lay still, and let them come one after another, as waves follow and fall upon some passive rock. There is no privation like the dumbness of a soul which has never learned to give utterance to its thoughts in words, which are as a channel to give vent to its swelling and sealed waters; and this privation Clough shared with all his class. Statisticians in language will tell you how many words

are known and used by the masses of the people; they are but few, for the brain has not learned to classify and name its workings. Clough's soul looked out through his sunken eyes, with the same mute, melancholy yearning which one sees in the eyeballs of the dumb creatures about us. Taken out of his own place, from the routine of his old employment, he had no longer a language to tell of his new griefs, and the new terrors which haunted his conscience. There was an unutterable, inarticulate longing tugging at his heart-strings; and he was dumb, he could not open his mouth.

Little by little he learned where Thornbury was, and how he came to be in its infirmary. The assizes were over, and were already almost forgotten. No one about him had felt any interest in Mark Fletcher and his trial. September had set in by the time he was strong enough to be dismissed to make room for another patient; but before then he had crawled out upon the south-west terrace, from whence he could see the jail not far off—so near, in fact, that but for the lofty walls he fancied he could have recognised Mark's face at the barred windows. He felt neither joy nor sorrow at hearing that he was free to go whither he would. All power of emotion seemed crushed out of him. Yet he remembered that somewhere in his wanderings he had left his dictionary; but where he could not tell, whether here, or down at Clunbury, or in Manchester when he had last quitted it.

"Aw used to ha' a book wi' me," he said to the nurse, "a big book so big, covered wi' a cover o' green baize. Dun yo' know whether aw had it when aw were carried in here? Aw set great store by it. It's an oud fav'rite o' mine."

"You had nothing with you when you came in," said the nurse, "except a shilling in one of your pockets. Was it your Bible?"

"Na, it were na' th' Bible," answered Clough, "it were Johnson's oud dixonary. It might ha' been better for me, maybe, if it had been th' Bible."

With this sad avowal on his lips Clough left the infirmary, and turned his face once more towards Manchester. It was a long and toilsome journey there, accomplished by slow and hungry stages, with many a long hour of silent pondering, as he sat or lay down to rest under the hedgerows. He was compelled to beg for food during the day, and for shelter during the night. But he reached home at last; his own court, where he had been born, and reared, and married; where he had watched his father ply his handloom in the old times of all, and where he had seen his wife die in the earliest and sharpest months of the cotton famine. His house had been taken by other tenants during his long absence, but the inmates let him have a corner in it, and his old masters gave him what work his failing strength could accomplish. He had found his place again, but he could not fall back into it as in the former days. The memory of his crime dwelt with him, and the thought of Mark's imprisonment weighed upon him. Even the blue sky above the level line of the roofs—for the sky is blue sometimes of a Sunday evening, when the wind has blown away part of the work-a-day smoke—reminded him of the fresh, sweet atmosphere of Clunbury, where the air came freely over the heath, bearing with it the scent of flowers. If he could only breathe that air again, the weight upon his heart and spirits might be less.

He was rambling about the streets one day of

forced idleness, for the time was not yet returned when all hands were pressed to the work of the mills again, and his hand had lost so much of its strength and skill that he was one of the first to be set aside—he was straying, whither he cared not, when he came upon a throng of men and women and children, idle like himself, loitering about a church-door, at which were drawn up a long array of carriages. It was one of the early days of winter, before the snows have fallen, and while the mid-day sunshine is still gay and warm. Clough leaned against the iron railings, as did the others, not caring for the show, but glad to stand still a little, and give his labouring chest leisure to breathe more easily, for since his exposure to the storm he had not altogether recovered his health. The wedding procession came forth at last, headed by a bridegroom whom he knew, whom he had seen where he was not likely to forget him, at the side of his dying wife, when Mark Fletcher held her chilling hand. The memory was full of trouble; but still he gazed eagerly at those who were to follow, and saw Barry pass by with a white but smiling face, and troubled eyes, which glanced at him without seeing him. He shrank back out of sight as quickly as possible, and went on down the street, thinking bitterly of Mark, and indignantly of this marriage festival among his friends, while he was languishing away the slow hours in jail.

## AMERICAN UNIVERSITY LIFE.

BY AN AMERICAN CONSUL.

### I.

I PROPOSE to confine this article to a description of the two principal American universities—Yale, at New Haven, and Harvard, at Cambridge. Those institutions are called universities which combine with the regular undergraduate course of four years professional and scientific schools; those which are confined to an undergraduate course are called, in contradistinction, *colleges*. The great number of universities and colleges in the United States at once strikes the foreigner who visits that country. There are few states in which there are not several such, each endowed with the right to confer the degrees of A.B. and A.M., of D.D. and LL.D. The reason of their great number is simple. According to the American constitution, each state, through its legislature, has complete control over local matters; and education is a local matter. No state likes to be outdone by its sister states: and the consequence is that charters are granted profusely for new universities, especially in the west, and degrees have thus become of much less value in America than formerly, when there were but few universities and colleges, and these were of high standing. Yale and Harvard are the two oldest (with the exception of William and Mary, in Virginia) institutions in the United States; they are both universities in the American sense of the word, and are eminent as the most efficient and thorough which the country possesses. They correspond, in one respect, with Oxford and Cambridge; for while Harvard pays especial attention to the classics, Yale devotes more care to mathematics and the exact sciences.

Harvard was founded early in the seventeenth century at Newtown, one of the earliest pilgrim colonies,

the name of which, after the establishment of the college, was changed to Cambridge. Among the settlers at Newtown were a number of graduates of old Cambridge, England, mostly alumni of that Emmanuel College which had been founded by Sir Walter Mildmay in 1585, and which the maiden queen suspected, with her shrewd wit, to be a "Puritan foundation." These Emmanuel settlers in the new world set up a branch of their *alma mater*, which was at first Puritan indeed. The young college of New Cambridge received a grant of £400 from the General Court of Massachusetts, which was then considered an excellent beginning. In 1638, the Rev. John Harvard, a wealthy Puritan minister who had come over from England, bequeathed his valuable library and half of his property to the infant institution. The gratitude of colleges usually takes the form of adopting the benefactor's name for some purpose connected with them; so Cambridge College became Harvard College. Harvard's example set the fashion: endowments multiplied, the magistrates of the colony gave £200 worth of books, and poor and rich contributed to help along an institution of which Massachusetts Bay was already proud. Still it was a hard struggle to keep the college a-going in those troublous times of Indian raids, and a yet unconquered soil. But Harvard began, nevertheless, to produce men of stamina and learning, and was already supplying the backbone of that energetic and heroic settlement. So it lived on for a century, always contending with poverty, and often interrupted by the disturbances incident to new settlements. In the War of Independence (1775—1783) Harvard took an active part in the patriot cause, both by its distinguished graduates—for James Otis, Hancock, Warren, Josiah Quincy, and the elder Adams, were alumni of Harvard—and by the professors and students then engaged in the curriculum. After the battle of Lexington, the patriot army occupied the college buildings: and the students and their instructors took no slight part in the military operations which followed. Stories are told of professors in Greek and "the humanities," spectacled and wrinkled, boldly leading bands of their scholars in the skirmishes which took place in the vicinity.

Yale received its principal endowments from Elihu Yale, early in the eighteenth century. While Yale has kept steadily to the Puritan traditions and character of its projectors, Harvard has gradually passed into the control of the Unitarians, and is now the pet university of the wealthy, aristocratic, and literary Unitarian class of Boston, among which the famous names of Emerson, Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell, Phillips, and Agassiz, are to be found. Harvard is much more wealthy than Yale in endowments; the latter, indeed, is poor, considering its great age and reputation. Harvard is aristocratic in its tendencies, while Yale is democratic, and essentially the university of the poor students. The students of Harvard are mostly from Boston and the New England states; while Yale gathers her classes from the remotest parts of the country—from New York, the west, and the south, as well as from its immediate neighbourhood in the east. Before the recent civil war, a very large minority of the Yale undergraduates were southerners; and even during the war the rebel states sent some students to the Yankee university.

There is very little difference between the scholastic systems of Yale and Harvard; a general description of one will suffice for both. They bear but a remote

resemblance in any respect to the English universities of Oxford and Cambridge. The only requisites of admission are an ability to pass the required examinations, and proof of "good moral character." Students of all creeds mingle together at the universities, and are permitted to attend their own churches, on the application of their parents, instead of the Sunday services in chapel; the only condition being that they shall hand in, on Monday morning, a written declaration to the effect that "they attended church on Sunday, both morning and afternoon, arriving before the commencement of service, and not leaving until its close." Instead of a number of colleges and halls, provided with a separate corps of deans, professors, and tutors, and only connected by a general governing corporation (such as are Oxford and Cambridge), the American universities are each under one president and faculty, who govern and teach the whole body of students. That is, the university is in this respect like one only of the Oxford colleges, being but a single machine, instead of a number of separate machines working independently in a great system. It consists of a group of buildings on a wide space of wooded lawn, the greater part of them being dormitories, the others recitation halls, chapels, museums, libraries, exhibition halls, and scientific colleges. The dormitories consist of five or six long, plain, three-storey brick buildings, situated here and there without much order through the grounds; the other buildings are more modern, and are built in fanciful and ornate styles, some Saxon, others Gothic in architecture. Long rows of elms thickly shade the college buildings, and there is a tranquil and studious air about the place, quite in keeping with its character. There are broad walks and patches of lawn, and, although in the middle of large towns, both Yale and Harvard are rural in their aspect.

The examinations for admission take place at the close and at the beginning of the scholastic year, which lasts from the early part of September till July; and they may well be a bugbear to the candidates, for they are exceedingly long and severe. The catalogue of the university announces in what the applicants are to be examined. They are as follows:—English grammar, reading, geography, arithmetic, algebra to quadratic equations, the first part of Playfair's Euclid, Latin Grammar and Prose Composition, Latin Reader, Sallust (or Cæsar), Virgil's Eneid, Bucolics, and Georgics; Felton's Greek Reader, Greek Grammar, and the first six books of Homer's Iliad. The examinations take place in a large hall, all the candidates being examined at the same time, and in the same room; and the examination continues for two days. The candidates assemble at the hall at nine o'clock in the morning, and are each provided with a little table and chair, pens, ink, and paper, the examination being conducted in writing. When the would-be freshmen are all seated (the professors and tutors having raised seats at intervals along the walls, to watch that there may be no foul play), printed papers are handed to them, containing questions on the studies required. A certain time is given them to finish their written answers to these questions, at the expiration of which both questions and answers are gathered by the tutors, and a new series of questions supplied. The questions are very minute, and are a very perfect test of the candidate's proficiency. The examination on the Latin and Greek authors

comprises not only translations, but construction, scanning, derivation, ancient geography and history, and etymology. For two long days the candidates have to work hard at their little desks; on the third day they are informed of the result. Usually about two-thirds of the applicants are admitted, one-third rejected; and of the admitted two-thirds, a certain number are allowed to enter "on condition"—that is, their examination has been on most points satisfactory, but is deficient in one or two studies—and the "condition" of their entering is, that they shall "make up," or pass another examination on the deficient studies, at the end of the first term.

The regular undergraduate course is four years, divided into the freshman, sophomore, junior, and senior years; and as each class consists of over a hundred students, it is again alphabetically divided into three divisions, one division reciting to a tutor at a time, and all three reciting different lessons at the same hour. For instance, while the first division of the class is reciting Greek to tutor A, the second is reciting Latin to Professor B, and the third, algebra to tutor C, and *vice versa*. There are thus three recitations every day, occupying an hour each.

The student, finally settled down in his cozy little college room, rises usually at about half-past seven in winter, and seven in summer. Morning services in chapel being now abolished, his first step, after rising, is to go to breakfast. He either boards in company with some half a dozen of his classmates, at the house of some "poor, but respectable" family or widow; or else joins an eating club managed by some poorer student, who finds a fitting place, sees after the marketing, hires and looks after the cook and table boy, and keeps the club accounts, receiving for these services his board free. These clubs are got up with two very different objects, for economy's sake, or for luxury's sake. Students who cannot afford a good boarding house, get their meals by clubbing together, at a little above cost price, and, by living plainly, manage to get along for a very little. Students, on the other hand, who wish to "live high," and can afford it, do not find any boarding house good enough for them, and so get up a club that they may have all the luxuries when and how they please. The system of having meals in "commons" in the university itself, was long practised at both Harvard and Yale, but was years ago given up: so that now all the students board or club in the town. His breakfast over, the student either takes a walk or repairs to his college room "to get up" the first lesson of the day. At nine he is called to recitation, and with the rest of his "division" proceeds to one of the recitation halls—a plain room, with wooden benches raised one above another, and a little round box of a desk for the tutor or professor.

The "division" consists of perhaps forty students; of these fifteen or sixteen are called on to recite in the hour's sitting. The tutor is supplied with a little box, containing cards with the names of the division, which he draws out by lot. He also has a book, in which he marks, in hieroglyphics known only to himself, the absences, and the quality of each recitation. If the recitation be in classics, he draws the name of a student, who rises, book in hand, in his place. He is called on first to read or scan the text, then to translate some six or eight lines, which done, the tutor proceeds to ask certain questions. Where was such and such a town or river, mentioned in the text? Who was such and such a deity or personage?



What the date in which he lived? Tell all you can about him. What is the derivation of the word—? What does Homer refer to in saying—? On such points he is expected fully to prepare himself. At ten, the student is free again, and studies or does what he likes till twelve, when he goes into the second recitation. From that he goes to dinner, and has the afternoon to himself till four, when for the last time in the day he appears before the tutor and professor.

Immediately after the last recitation the chapel bell rings, and all the undergraduates assemble in the plain old building devoted to college worship. One class occupies one side of the house, another the opposite side, while the two upper classes sit respectively at the upper and the lower part of the middle pews. As soon as the bell stops, and the body of students are in their places, the "monitors" (poorer students who receive certain privileges for acting as such) rise in their seats with little books, scan carefully the section of students over which they are placed, and mark the absent places. Meanwhile the president of the university has begun to read a Bible chapter from his high pulpit, the faculty sitting on either side, in pews upon a raised platform. Prayers occupy fifteen or twenty minutes, after which the students separate for supper. Their evenings are devoted to a great variety of occupations, of study or amusement—singing on the lawn, boating (in summer), attending the numerous literary and secret societies, and other employments, according to taste and character.

It may be remarked that neither the president, professors, nor students of Harvard and Yale wear caps or gowns, excepting that at Harvard, on the annual "commencement day" (corresponding to the "commemoration day" at Oxford), the faculty and graduating class wear silk gowns during the morning formal exercises. It will be seen by my account that the system of education is at first one of recitations—of continual daily examination, instead of lectures and rare examinations as at the English universities. Besides the daily recitations, examinations are held at the end of every "term," on all the studies pursued during the term, and also annually, on the year's text books.

Harvard has two terms a year; the first beginning in September, and ending the middle of January—then a vacation of six weeks; the second lasting from March till July, when there is a second and equally long recess. The Yale year is divided into three terms, from September to Christmas, then a fortnight's vacation; from January to April, then a three weeks' vacation; and from the last of April till July, when a summer recess of seven weeks ensues. The examinations at the close of each term and each year are very severe and minute, and materially affect the scholastic rank of the students; some of whom are so deficient as either to be "conditioned"—obliged to pass a second examination on the same studies further on—or else, if much wanting, to leave the class altogether, and to enter the class below. The classes do not begin to attend lectures until late in the second or at the beginning of the third year. At first the lectures are few—once or twice a week, then the class attends one lecture and two recitations a day. During "senior" (the last) year, the lectures take up the greater part of the time, and there are but few recitations; but notes have to be taken of the lectures, and an examination

passed upon them at the end of the term and of the year. A certain number is adopted by the professors—at Yale it is 4—which stands for a perfect recitation or examination; 2 is then the average; if the student falls below the latter number in his aggregate recitations, he is admonished; and if he does not improve, is suspended, reduced to a lower class, or dismissed from the university. Continued absences from recitation or failures bring upon him similar punishments; and if (at Yale) his absences, without good excuse, reach the number of thirty-two, he is finally discharged, without a "certificate of honourable dismissal." Another punishment is that of "sending letters home." When the student has received a certain number of demerit marks, his "division tutor" sends a letter to his parents, informing them that their son is put upon "the first course of discipline." This is called an admonition, and three of them amount to an expulsion; but the effect of "letters home" is seldom very beneficial, as the students are rather inclined to make fun of them than otherwise, and not seldom frame them, and hang them up as a kind of trophy in their college rooms.

## GOVERNMENT OFFICES.

### IV.—THE HOME, FOREIGN, AND COLONIAL OFFICES.

OVER each of these three departments a Secretary of State presides, and is assisted in his administration by under-secretaries, who are members of the House of Commons, and change with the Government, and by a staff of permanent officers and clerks.

The duties of the Home Secretary, as he is called, are exceedingly important, and consist in seeing to the execution of the whole domestic policy of the Government. To him is confided the charge of maintaining the country's peace, of providing for the due administration of justice, of strengthening the hands of magistrates, and generally of carrying out all the duties connected with the Home Government which are not performed by the Privy Council or by departments specially created for particular services. He is a Privy Councillor and a member of the Cabinet, and as such gives his advice upon all general affairs of state; but his specialty is the home government, in respect of which he is her Majesty's principal adviser. In Parliament the Home Secretary is generally in the Lower House; it is his business to answer questions relating to his department; to inaugurate legislation connected with the same; and to deal with any home policy measures which may be brought forward by other members.

As an administrator, the Home Secretary has really control over several departments which are nominally independent of him; and he it is who shapes the course for some other departments—the legal departments, for instance, which are yet in themselves wholly independent. The Home Secretary receives the reports of the judges of assize; and to his department returns are made of all the criminal law business of the country. Sentences are recorded there; and to the Home Secretary any petition for mitigation of punishment awarded by law must be made.

As chief adviser on home questions the Secretary has become, especially of late years, wielder of the royal prerogative of mercy, and upon his advice, and his alone, the sovereign acts. It will be remem-

bered that when a deputation went to Windsor to ask the Queen's interference in behalf of the murderers of Sergeant Brett at Manchester, they were denied an interview on the express ground that applications of the kind they had to make must be made through the Home Secretary, who had already declined to advise mercy. Warrants for the execution of criminals, orders for reprieves, and other things requiring the highest authority, emanate from the Home Office. This department has the supreme control also over all prisons, reformatories, and penitentiaries, though the details of management are carried out by semi-independent bodies like the directors of convict prisons and local magistrates. Inspectors of prisons and reformatories are appointed by the Home Office, and are accountable to it, their business being to make personal inspection of the prisons, etc., within their district; to spy out any abuses in them; to report any disregard of instructions; and generally to see that all is going on as it should. The inspectors are the eyes of the Home Secretary. Then there are inspectors of burial-grounds, of salmon fisheries, and of coal mines, whose duty it is to see that the Acts of Parliament under which these things are regulated are duly observed. There are also inspectors of constabulary, who ascertain, on behalf of the supreme central power, that the police arrangements of the country, which are left to local management, are such as to secure the peace of the district. These inspectors inquire as to the discipline, number, and efficiency of the local force, and report their observations to the Home Secretary, who issues such orders upon them as he may think fit.

Inspectors of factories, who are also officers of the Home Office, watch for the preservation within their circuit of the rules and conditions imposed by Parliament upon masters and workmen in factories; it is theirs to see that no white slavery goes on; that there is no overtaxation of juvenile strength; and to inquire into any complaints upon causes which have arisen since their last inspection.

The pay of the Home Secretary is £5,000 a year; that of the parliamentary and permanent under-secretaries £2,000 and £1,500 a year respectively; while the clerks of the establishment rise to a maximum pay of £1,000 a year, after passing through the several grades of office. Home Office clerks are first appointed by the Home Secretary, after examination before the Civil Service Commissioners, at a minimum salary of £100 a year.

The Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs is the minister who conducts all national communications with other states; and is the chief adviser of the Crown in matters of foreign policy. The attitude of the Government towards other governments is of course determined by the whole Cabinet; but that statesman is chosen by the Prime Minister to be Foreign Secretary whom he considers to be the ablest exponent and supporter of the policy. By the Secretary, mediately or immediately, all treaties with foreign states are negotiated, and through him all representations, all complaints of misconduct on the part of foreigners to Englishmen, or *vice versa*, must be made. Ambassadors, consuls, and other diplomatic agents, are appointed by him, subject, in the case of ambassadors, to the ratification or otherwise of the appointment by the Queen—and to him all such officers are accountable. To the Foreign Office come the detailed reports of British represen-

tatives all over the world upon the state of affairs in the country where representatives are maintained. It is the duty of resident diplomatists to collect every possible information upon all points necessary to guide their government at home, and to transmit periodical reports of the same. In cases of unusual difficulty, where the diplomatist's instructions are not full enough, or where the acts of the representative must commit his government to a certain policy which it is doubtful if that government will approve, it behoves the diplomatist to send for further orders, and these emanate from the Foreign Secretary. It may happen that the Secretary has to decide at once, upon his own authority, or he may have the opportunity of consulting his colleagues; but he gives the orders in either case, and he bears the responsibility of giving them. This responsibility is very great, and extends to rendering the minister liable to answer not only to his colleagues and the Queen, but to Parliament, for his conduct. He has the fear of posterity and of future historians also before him.

It has been said that the attitude of this country towards other countries is regulated by the mind of the Cabinet for the time being; but while this is true, it is also true that the Cabinet look to the Foreign Secretary to inform their minds upon the subject, and to shape the policy which they are to authorise. The decision of the Government to go to war with King Theodore of Abyssinia emanated from the Foreign Secretary (Lord Stanley), as the conduct of the negotiations which led up to that final issue were conducted by Lord Russell. The latter minister when in office also carried on the first correspondence on the question of British liability for the depredations committed by the Alabama; and it was Lord Stanley who, as Foreign Secretary, brought about the Alabama convention which has just been rejected by the American Government. The policy once decided is left entirely to the minister to be carried out in his own fashion, and herein are shown the tact and ability of the minister, whose orders to ambassadors are absolute and final on the subject. In his office, and under his special instructions, are written the despatches which speak the mind of the Government, and announce its intentions to other governments.

Through the Foreign Office are conducted all negotiations respecting injuries done to British subjects or British property abroad, or injuries done by British subjects to foreigners. When the Chinese attacked the missionary settlement recently, it was through the agents of the Foreign Office that redress was obtained; and when it was asserted that British subjects were detained in Paraguay against their will by Lopez, the dictator, it was the Foreign Office that inquired into the matter and gave all necessary orders with regard to it. The office is thus the guardian of British interests abroad, and to assist it in performing its duty power is given to its principal officers, to ambassadors and certain consuls, to call in aid the military and naval forces of the country. The commanders of troops and vessels are bound under certain conditions to act upon the requisition of Foreign Office agents, the latter taking the responsibility of action. In every possible instance the agents wait till they can get instructions from home, but occasions do arise in distant places where immediate action is necessary, and in such cases the agents act upon their own responsibility.



The final responsibility for the conduct of the Foreign Office and its agents lies on the shoulders of the Foreign Secretary, who is answerable not only to his colleagues, but to Parliament; and there are not a few instances of Parliament having fixed the responsibility, and of its having impeached the minister. Charles the Second's Foreign Secretary, the Earl of Clarendon, was made answerable for the infamous

by two under-secretaries (pay £2000 and £1500 a year respectively), an assistant under-secretary (pay £1500 a year); a superintendent of commercial and consular affairs; a chief clerk; a librarian; a superintendent of treaty department; a passport clerk, and a staff of senior, assistant, and junior clerks, who are nominated by the Foreign Secretary, and appointed at a salary of £100 a year, increasing £10



NEW FOREIGN AND INDIA OFFICES.

policy of his master towards France, and was driven into exile. William the Third was his own Foreign Secretary, but since the king can do no wrong, the lords who acted for him in respect of the Partition Treaties on the Continent, were impeached by the House of Commons for acts which were considered to have tarnished the national honour.

At the Foreign Office are obtained passports for such countries as still require them, the passport being a letter recommendatory signed by the Foreign Secretary, enjoining all to whom it may come to allow the person named and described in it to pass freely, and to afford him every protection.

The present Foreign Secretary is the Earl of Clarendon (pay £5000 a year), who is represented in the Lower House by an Under-Secretary of State. The department itself is managed, under the minister,

a year until promotion. All nominees, however, must pass the prescribed examination before the civil service commissioners before their appointment can be ratified, and all candidates for the diplomatic service abroad are obliged to serve a certain period of unpaid apprenticeship in the London Foreign Office.

Attached to the Office is a large staff of Queen's messengers, who are generally half-pay officers of the army and navy. These gentlemen are entrusted with the care of despatches to British ministers abroad, and with any confidential verbal intelligence it may be desirable to interchange. They are constantly travelling between London and the foreign courts.

The Colonial Office, which supervises the whole of the British Colonies, is controlled by a Secretary of

State (Earl Granville), who is a Cabinet minister, and receives a salary of £5,000 a year. He is assisted by two under-secretaries, one of them a member of Parliament, with salaries of £2,000 and £1,500 a year; an assistant under-secretary, with £1,500 a year; a law adviser; and an official staff of clerks, who are appointed by the minister, subject to their passing the required examination, at a salary beginning at £100 a year, and increasing £10 annually until promotion.

The duties of the Colonial Office, which is in Downing Street, are to govern the governors of the colonies, to inaugurate and to consider any measures calculated to promote the welfare of the colonies, to look after their interests in the Government, and to advise the Crown in all colonial matters which are necessarily referred to the supreme authority. All governors, judges, bishops, and some other colonial officers, are appointed and instructed by the Minister for the Colonies, who is also empowered to remove them at discretion, subject to certain restrictions. Colonial governors, etc., are directly responsible to the minister, and are bound to keep him well advised upon all points relating to their governments, seeking his instructions when possible before proceeding to acts which might compromise the imperial authority. It was Mr. Cardwell who, as Secretary for the Colonies, caused the commission to issue by which the proceedings of Mr. Eyre in Jamaica were inquired into; and it was the same minister who removed Mr. Eyre from his post.

It is no part of the business of the Colonial Office to interfere in legal matters arising out of colonial disputes. Those matters are referred, when the decision of the highest colonial court is appealed from, to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. The business of the Colonial Office is purely governmental, but the practice as well as the principle of imperial policy towards the colonies, is to allow the colonists as far as possible to govern themselves. So far, indeed, is this principle carried, that even in the matter of emigration the Home Government interferes but slightly; and such interference is made, when made at all, rather by the semi-imperial commission for emigration (8, Park Street, Westminster) than by the Minister for the Colonies. That minister would, however, immediately step in, supposing that in the matter of emigration, or any other matter, he found the colonists doing, whether at home or in the colonies, anything which was contrary to British law and British usage, or directly contrary to the British governmental policy.

## FROM NUBIA DOWN THE NILE.

BY HOWARD HOPLEY.

### CHAPTER XIII.—THE TOMBS OF EGYPT: A GROTTO, A MIRAGE.

"That chamber was despoiled all within  
With sondry colours, in the which were writ  
Infinite shapes of things dispersed thin;  
Some such as in the world were never yit  
Ne can devized be of mortal wit."

In the palmy days of old Egypt, a man's great care was not so much to surround himself with splendour during lifetime, as that he might be well housed in death. The current belief that the swathed and mummied body would one day throw off for ever its funereal vestments, and wake to immortal life, led

men to wish for a secure and seemly lodging in the tomb. To this end the Memphis Pharaohs "piled Pelion on Ossa" to entrench themselves in everlasting pyramids, while the Theban monarchs caverned long sounding corridors, palaces even, into the rocky heart of the Theban hills. Every Egyptian, in fact, busied himself, during lifetime, in preparing a house to inhabit when dead. Priests, nobles, warriors, merchants, tradesmen, bought or dug out caverns, more or less costly, as rank or vanity prompted, or their purses would allow. "Eternal abodes," they called them, in contrast with mere earthly dwellings which went by a name equivalent to tabernacle, barn—temporary structures.\* Thus, while none of these latter have outlasted the ages, there are sepulchres still in Egypt enough to bury a nation. All (save the Pyramids) are perforations in the rock. The long limestone range following through Egypt is more or less honeycombed with them. In the vicinity of great cities, every cornice and stratum almost has its nest of tombs, posted saliently, like dovescotes, ledge above ledge. For great forethought was taken, not in the embellishment only, but in the position of these "eternal mansions." Inasmuch as it is meet that houses should be pleasantly situated, so the site of these was chosen with care. We, even, who bury the dead out of our sight, are not altogether blind to this—how much more, then, the Egyptian, who many a time ere he was gathered to his fathers, paid visits to that silent house, passing hours in quiet fellowship with the dead—visits more satisfactory, may be, in their issues than many we pay to the living.†

Precipitous as the hill might be, its limestone stratifications generally afforded friendly ledges, high or low. Every platform that was accessible offered a basis of operation. The view was good. Moreover, the mountain was often gashed with deep ravines, where all manner of pleasant homely little nooks and corners could be found. Here there were quiet resting-places for tired pilgrims, sunny platforms, terraces hung midway up the cliff, solitary recesses, niches nestled among the crags, where mourners might come and meditate, while, widespread beneath them, yellow cornfields were waving, vineyards were blooming, the myriad-voiced city echoing, and the broad river glittering in exceeding brilliancy of light. There they hollowed the tomb. Often to right and left of the threshold a little garden was made. Friends brought up soil from the plain, and planted flowers on the rocky ledge outside the house of death. They tended them with kindly care—watered them daily. Life was but a pilgrimage, they thought. Why banish the idea of death? Cherish it rather, and beautify it with pleasant surroundings.‡

As for the interiors, hardly any two are alike. A splendid palace is in one place, with complex corridors, pillared galleries, stairways, lonely halls, caverned downwards, for ever silent and in darkness.§ But

\* *Kataklusis* in contrast with *aidiosis dikous*.

† Diodorus Sic. says, "The Egyptians sometimes keep the bodies of their ancestors in magnificent apartments, where they have an opportunity of contemplating the faces of those who died many generations before them. And the height and figure of their bodies being distinguishable as well as the character of the countenance, they enjoy a wonderful gratification, as if they lived in the society of those they see before them."

‡ Lucian, in his "Essay on Grief," states that the Egyptians had a custom of introducing the mummy of a deceased relative at their parties, placing it at table as one of the guests. He declares himself to have been an eye-witness of the fact.

§ "I should have been at rest with kings and counsellors of the earth, which built desolate places for themselves" (Job iii 14).

more often there is a simple chamber, lofty and large. A chapel or alcove is hollowed at the end for the gods, a transverse vestibule or hall flooded with sunlight, and a slanting doorway with the eternal wings of azure sculptured over the lintel.

As to their ornamentation: Many, perhaps most, of the wealthier tombs are rich with wall paintings, descriptive of incidents in the earthly career of the tenant or his family—an illuminated story-book of his life. He had been a farmer, perhaps; then you saw his cornfields, his reapers, his harvest home. Or a vine dresser; there were his vineyards flushed with purple clusters, the gathering of the grapes, the treading of the winepress, the jovial games of the vintage. Or an epicure perhaps; holding high court and festival, who ostentatiously chronicled on his tomb the dinner parties he gave, the troops of comely virgins that crowned his guests with lotus garlands, that anointed their heads with precious ointment, that carried to their lips bumpers of wine; the lissom dancing girls that danced before them; the band of musicians that harped and fiddled to them, the tame monkey, his master's favourite, that grinned at them; the dainties they ate, the bottles they emptied, the pleasant garden outside, where they cooled themselves, the cypress-trees (*invisas cupressos*!) that grew about the lake, and—the convives that were carried home tipsy! No disguise on these ancient walls. No: an elaborate and unreserved confession. A picture of social life, every degree and shade of it—from that of the Lord High Councillor moving languidly about his palace with women slaves to fan the flies off his serene forehead, to the cobbler cobbling at his last.

Such is the speech of these "eternal mansions," which, strewed as they often are, with a ghastly litter of mummy fragments—arms, heads, hands—point a terrible satire upon death. Then the ceilings are painted with conventional designs, and there is generally an elegant cornice of lotus blossom running round the chamber. The so-called "Greek border" and "scroll" are found here limned by Egyptian artists long before Greece was a nation. Two or three gods, life size, cut from the rock, sit enthroned in their little chapel at the end, for ever gazing outward, as if watching through the centuries for the advent of silent guests yet to come. Bronze gates—"the gates of death"—were swung back from doorpost and lintel (often sculptured) to give entrance to the tomb. But sometimes this portal was of massive stone, which, when the sepulchre was finally closed, the masons hid with great care by imitating the craggy exterior of the rock, and bringing down before it a settlement of splinters and stony debris. By this means many sepulchres now open were hid for ages, and many more, probably, remain to this moment intact.\*

\* Herodotus speaks thus on embalming:—"When a dead body is brought to the embalmers, they exhibit to the friends different models highly finished in wood. The most perfect of these they say resembles him (Osiris), whom I do not think it religious to name. The second is of less price; another is still more mean. They then inquire after which model the deceased shall be represented. This being settled, and the price agreed upon, the parties return, leaving the body with the embalmers." He then describes very minutely the different processes. After certain preparation, the body is washed with palm wine, and covered with pounded aromatics, and the cavity filled up with myrrh, cassia, and spices; then sewn up. It (the body) is then kept in natron seventy days. Afterwards, being washed, it is wrapped up in bands of fine linen, smeared with gum, put in a wooden case of the form of a man, fastened up, and placed upright against the wall. This is the most costly method of embalming. It costs, according to Diodorus Sic., a talent of silver, or about £250. Of course this is independent of the jewels and other articles bound up with the dead, and which sometimes were of very great value. So cleverly is this embalming done, says this latter historian, "that all the members are preserved perfectly, and even the

Lastly, as to the mummies: enwrapped, encircled by the wings of painted cherubim, encased, boxed in a painted chest, they were either put in moveable wooden closets which could be opened or locked by their friends, or (afterwards) placed in wide pits dug on either side of the seated deities before mentioned—pits varying from 20 to 70 feet down, at the bottom or sides\* of which niches or chambers were hollowed to deposit coffins. In grander tombs (of kings or councillors for example) the mummy was put in a ponderous sarcophagus, and there left in the centre of a lofty hall, all by himself in lonely state; while the great man's household—his chief butler, baker, etc.—were enshrined in little separate chapels of corridor or gallery in the royal tomb. Offerings† of cakes or ducks, etc., were placed on tables beside the mummy, and a host of other things, according to his vocation in life, buried with him, of which mention will be made further on.

And now to get back to our grotto at Elkab, where, in the last chapter, we left lunch waiting to make place for this prefatory essay on tombs. Fowls, new bread, oranges, dates, are temptingly spread on the battered stone threshold of this cell. Let us step over them and enter in. It is a chamber cut in the rock—loftier, certainly, but not much more spacious than an ordinary dining-room. The walls are flushed with colour, which on examination proves to be yellow paint thin spread over the polished limestone. Horizontal spaces are ruled out on it like the spaces in a copy-book, and crowded with a succession of figures and scenes drawn thick in vermilion,‡ orange, and brown. At the end an alcove is hollowed where three great gods sit enthroned: the heads of two have been rent off, and the nose of the third broken. Spite of this dilapidation, however, their arms are still affectionately interlaced, and altogether they form a touching group. As to the floor, it is ankle-deep in sand, which innumerable sand-storms have drifted in hither from the boundless desert. They career at any altitude, these storms, and, in fact, the pits by the side of the deities are full and brimming with their drifts.

Let us now take our seat at the door. The sun is just hidden by an angle of rock; we have a full half-hour of shadow for our lunch. After that the monarch will flood in red-handed and claim possession, as, in fact, he has done any afternoon these three thousand years. Let us sit down, I say. Chief butler Haroun will dole out to each his portion (adding salt), and distribute a cup of water all round from the leathern bottle; and then, cunning fellow, according to his wont, he will betake himself to the shadow of a rock outside to enjoy his own meal.

What a magnificent view from this eagles' eyrie! What would a quiet Englishman give to glance out on such from his country dwelling? Beneath us, far spreading to southward, sleeps the broad valley in a trance of sunlight. For miles and miles onwards, narrowing to view, you see the river flowing through an emerald region of cornfields and

hair of the eyelids and eyebrows remains undisturbed, and the whole appearance is so unaltered, that every feature may be recognised." Both forty days and seventy days are spoken of in the matter of embalming and mourning for the patriarch Jacob (Gen. 12, 3).

\* "Thou shalt be brought down to the sides of the pit" (Isa. xiv 15). "Whose graves are set in the sides of the pit" (Ezek. xxxii 23).

† A practice forbidden by Moses. "I have not given (offerings) for the dead" (Deut. xxvi 14).

‡ She saw men portrayed upon the wall . . . portrayed with vermilion. Men riding upon horses" (Ezek. xxiii).



beanfields and fertile meadows. Palms fringe the banks. There are palm woods and mimosa copses mapped and interstudded in the green. But all is blent into one mass of verdure, from which little mud villages stand out like islands in a sea. There is a quivering atmosphere over the whole landscape. Distant objects all seem to twinkle—seem to sport in a halo of colour of their own. There is not a tinge of grey or dun in all the picture. Even the plain we have plodded over, so near, has a luminous sweep of rosy purple about it. It is dappled, too, with those natron lakes, which from here look like mirrors dropped on the desert—dropped as a snare for that restless flitting nymph Iris. As for the amethyst hills in the west, they swim in so delicate and dreamy a haze that you might take up your parable and proclaim the Elysian Fields to lie there, the Fortunate Isles, or any other impracticable Eden.

Indeed, you are always falling off into some day-dream or other in the midst of this gorgeous hush of nature in Egypt. You cannot help it. Nature bears, you seem to fancy, the burden of some grand secret that it cannot impart. What is the secret? In the chosen Edens of Europe, kissed by the blue waters of the tideless sea—Sorrento, Mentone, Amalfi, for instance—Nature is outspoken and blithesome, full of fresh, sparkling beauty. Light-hearted is her mood; she is ever joyous and smiling. But *here* all is solemn and still. The waving of innumerable palms, the brooding of amber mists over a crimson sunset, are the expressions of her mood in Egypt. You dare not flirt with her here. At Sorrento, Greek fancies beset you. Theocritus is her expositor, or other poet. The classic scholar recalls Greek legend or story:—Galatea, rosy and dripping from the white sea-foam, crept up those dew-sprinkled valleys of Sorrento: or Amalfi, you say—no matter which. There *Acis* filled her lap with mountain hyacinths, gathered violets for her, and wove sweet cyclamen and blossoming narcissus and anemone into garlands for her neck. There, through the tangles of that wild olive glade, Polyphemus, keeping goats, beheld the budding nymph, loved her, and his soul waxed sad. Brooding and jealous, he gave her no rose wreaths, or lilies, or "sweet parsley for her hair"—

"Nor poppies red in summer solstice blown."

Why should he? She cared not for him. Laughing, happy, she tripped and danced down the mountain torrent, clutching her lapful of flowers, breaking through twisted creepers, glimmering along; her naked feet bruising feathery mosses, maidenhair, wild adiantum in her path. They grow there still—all of them, on every stone. Careless, wayward, she went: brushing tears off the blue violets, nodding on the bank—hurrying down—and hiding in her cool summer caves of the sea. Then from that rock above that you see tufted with euphorbia, gillyflower, and wild asphodel, Cyclops looks down, and calls sadly to her—and sighs and sings. Yes; and in those shadowy hollows where little rills of pure water bubble down mossy steps into wells tufted on the rim with maiden fern and wild violets, Menalcas and Corydon keep their goats, and Hylas, drawing water, gossips with the nymphs. You cannot repress this Greek feeling—at least if you have been early imbued with classic lore.

But what of Egypt? Greek fancies pall upon you here. Who then is nature's expositor? The

sphinx?—or Isis, that antique mystery whose veil "no mortal hath ever lifted"?

That which harmonises best with your feeling in Egypt, or rather with nature's mood—for it is the difference in nature's moods that I want to point out—is the grand old histories of the Patriarchs. Although inspired, their fabric is all interwoven with its gorgeous colourings. They are yet the classics of the country. The story of Joseph *must* have been written in Egypt, it is so Egyptian. Its deep pathos, its stirring human sympathies, its sublime simplicity, are an echo of some divine music, whose notes—faint indeed—are heard in the country still. Perchance,—who knows?—some day we may learn more. Some day, as science advances, papyri as yet undeciphered, or even unearthed, may startle us with an ancient literature whose utterances, less enigmatical than the sphinx, shall unriddle the whole mystery.

But let us get back. The sunshine is creeping along the north wall of our tomb, flushing its pictures into a seeming life. Though the sphinx be dumb, here at any rate is a story that may be deciphered. This manifestly is the sepulchre of a rich man. You can see that he farmed his own estate, was married, lived in good society, was hospitable to his friends, kind to his servants, and that he died regretted by all.

To take the scenes one by one. The first picture is that of the man himself—a giant three times taller than the three footmen who follow at his heels. A trick of the artist's, that; who, to paint a distinguished personage, made a giant of him. A king was painted as big as the gods. This man, then, who trod the earth contemporary with Moses, is here so portrayed, staff in hand, and looking over his harvest fields—perhaps those very fields we see from the door. Three footmen, one carrying a stool—to be handy should the master care to sit down and rest under a tree or hedge—another a tablet for memoranda—accompany him. The harvest scene follows. Reapers are reaping the yellow grain. Every ear is painted singly—bearded wheat. Here in the field some men are binding sheaves—stamping them down with their feet to knot well the wisp of straw. One reaper is drinking out of a bottle. He has tucked his sickle under his arm to get both hands to it, and his thirsty soul evidently revels in the draught. I pity the man who stands next to him, waiting for the bottle. It is already tilted at an alarmingly sharp angle, and does not look at all hopeful. Near this group there stands a man threshing by a rather singular process. He has a big comb fixed at right angles in the ground, through which he draws the ears of wheat, and so combs the grain out of them.

Under the shade of a tree, cool from the noontide heat, there are set tables with drinks and other refreshments. A man stands by fanning off the flies. As in the fields of Boaz at Bethlehem, gleaners are here—women and girls with their laps full of spoil. Indeed, your mind is led irresistibly to that Judean harvest scene. The painters who painted this wall had died centuries before Boaz told Ruth to glean among the sheaves, and said, "When thou art athirst, go thou unto the vessels and drink." Here are the gleaners, though, the sheaves, and, as I said, the vessels under the tree's shade for toilers athirst.

Winnowing scenes, storing wheat into granaries, threshing, sweeping the threshing-floor with palm branches, follow. The threshing is done this time

by oxen, driven round and round by a man, who—so Champollion interprets the hieroglyphics written above his head—sings this song to them:

"Tread out for yourselves, O oxen!  
Tread for yourselves.  
The straw for yourselves,  
The wheat for your masters."

Ploughing and sowing scenes come next, and lading ships with grain. The ships are river craft; very handsome ships, too, with embroidered sails, and well built. Men are employed shovelling grain into baskets on the quay, which others catch up and run across a plank from shore to ship—just as you may see them to-day at any seaport where they load vessels with grain. Fowling scenes, catching birds with nets, *pickling ducks* in amphoræ of wine—succeed. I wonder how a bird pickled in wine would taste!

But, passing on, we are again introduced to one of the family—the Wife—a giantess, of course. She sits in a chair—not one of those straight-backed instruments of torture that used to weary us in childhood, but an elegant, easy piece of furniture, which would grace any drawing-room. The lady has her child on her knee. They are watching the gathering in of the vintage. An arcade of vines is stretched forth temptingly, and men standing underneath reach up and gather the purple clusters. Each basket as it is filled is shouldered and emptied into the winepress, a kind of tank in which four men are dancing, while the juice runs out of a spout, and is caught in vessels. It is a pleasant autumn scene, and the young wife and her boy give a homely colouring to it.

But now leaving domestic quiet, we come to see the tenants of this tomb at a feast. One-fourth part of the wall is taken up with the painting of their entertainment. No luxury is spared. There are tables piled up with delicacies, mountains of flowers, young slaves running in and out and distributing all manner of good things to the guests, musicians piping and harping, and girls dancing. The host and hostess sit on a raised dais to receive their friends, and the wife's arm is affectionately thrown round the husband's neck. Her hair, wreathed with a fillet of flowers, is all shaken loose over her shoulders. She wears a white dress with loops passing over the bosom like braces. The guests (women) are similarly attired, and sit there in two rows, sniffing at nosegays which young girls bring to them. Men and women, however, sit apart—not a usual course of proceeding at such solemnities. An instance of the ordinary arrangement at feasts may be seen in a fragment of wall-painting (very inferior) at the British Museum.\*

The head-dresses of the women are dissimilar, but all wear a fillet of riband round their head, with a lotus flower tucked in just above the ear. It was at feasts like these that, according to old writers, the skeleton (or mummy) was introduced to remind the revellers of their mortality. "All human pleasures are transitory," the bearer of this Silent Guest cried out, as he broke into the festival; "therefore, while we are allowed to live, let us live well."†

Whether this "well" meant riotously or soberly, is a moot question among historians. One thing is sure, it was a custom with the Egyptians to ask a blessing at feasts. When the seventy-two translators of the *Septuagint* sat down to a supper that Ptolemy Philadelphus made for them, Nicanor, according to Josephus, requested Eleazer to say grace for his countrymen, instead of allowing the Egyptian, whose office it was, to do it.

But now on this storied wall we are come to a place where the feasts are all over. We have done now with revelry and mirth. The garlands are faded, the wine-cup left unfilled. There are no dancers here, nor joyous guests; no yellow harvest-fields, no purple vintage. Summer and autumn are alike over, winter has come. How long this Egyptian, of the Patriarchal age, lived to enjoy all the pleasant things pictured on his tomb, is not recorded. But he died—that fact is shown. You see him there on the wall, fresh out of the hands of the embalmers, shut up in a wooden coffin, which is carved into a representation of himself. Around this painted effigy, set upright on its feet, women are wailing, kneeling in sorrow, tearing their breasts, and casting dust on their heads. A picture of woe! But the golden sunlight, which has looked upon it all these 3,000 years, floods in so kindly and cheerful that you can hardly find it in your heart to be sad.

Such is the end. Beyond, are paintings which represent a kind of apotheosis—the dead man is conveyed across the funeral lake and brought up before Osiris, judge of all. But that coffin scene, with mourners sobbing around, is the closing chapter of this story. And is it not indeed the closing chapter of all human stories, past and present? However diverse or tangled the thread of the tale may be, that chapter is ever the same—so far as this world goes, I mean. Mourners weeping over their dead! Probably there has never been a single moment in the circling centuries, from the time that rock tomb was hollowed, till now, when that graphic picture of human sorrow painted by old Pharaoh's artist has not represented a *present* reality—an existing fact. East or west, the chain is complete. Time travels on, and this round world rolls majestically through space, but there goes up from it, unceasing, a wail of mourners weeping for their dead. Poor stricken, burdened humanity! Were it not that we may humbly hope this travail and sorrow will one day issue in triumphant good, through the might of Him who conquered death and suffering, we might well yield passive to despair!

In coming down from the mountain we shaded our eyes and raked the plain, to find the whereabouts of an old temple said to exist here some half a league inland from the river. We finally hit upon it about two miles to northward, but were rather puzzled as to its position, for, strange to say, the stream flowed right up to it. Its columns stood on the brink of the river—or of a lake, perhaps, we could not tell which. There was a palm wood too on the farther bank, whose plummy crests inverted, mirrored themselves on the still water. We saw it all clear enough, and began debating how to get there.

"The fact is," said the Professor, "the river just there takes a sharp bend inland toward the mountain. Repeated inundations have eaten the land away, and so by years the old channel has changed. Now I suggest that instead of toiling across that

\* Framed and glazed, on the right-hand wall of the great Egyptian gallery. A feast, with dancing and music.

† Petronius. Herodotus says, "At the entertainments of the rich, just as the company is about to rise, a small coffin is carried round, containing a perfect representation of a dead body. As it is shown to the guests in rotation, the bearer exclaims, 'Cast your eyes on this figure. After death, you yourself will resemble it. Drink, then, and be happy.'" See also note, p. 378.

burning Sahara, we take our boat round. It will save us a sunstroke, perhaps."

"I believe it's a lake," retorted Smith, "one of those big natron pools. We shall never get to it by water. See how the river bends westward; it can't turn so sharp as that."

In doubt as to this disputed question, we finally determined to chance the boat rather than the grilling heat of that sandy way. So we continued our precipitous descent by crag and stair to the level plain. Half way down we again lifted up our eyes, and lo! the whole thing had vanished.

Lake and palm-trees and mirrored groves had faded out into air—into thin air; and that old ruined temple of the Pharaonic age, stripped of its pleasant surroundings, stood alone in the midst of a barren sandy waste! The deception had been perfect. Not to either of us had the suggestion of a mirage presented itself. We moralised, of course, on the irised bubbles of life, social shams, and other high matters in our walk to the boat; but I will spare the reader. I will, at the same time, close this chapter with an eastern proverb suitable to the subject:—

"The works of an unbeliever are like the vapour on the plain, whereunto the thirsty traveller approacheth, thinking it to be water—when, lo! it is fled, and he findeth dust."

#### "TO BE CONTINUED."

It is the fashion of our day, and a very convenient fashion too, to give and to receive instruction and recreation, so far as either is communicable through a literary medium, by instalments. Everything literary is fast becoming serial, and if we do get finished works in their completeness, we do not generally so get them until after they have appeared from week to week, or month to month, in fragments. If the author is a funny man, we begin to pucker up the corners of our mouth in preparation for a laugh, say, in January—but not being able quite to anticipate the humour of the thing, we have to stop in that attitude for a month. February comes with number two—but probably we are cheated of the mirth we looked for, and find ourselves laughing "on the wrong side of the mouth." Or, if the author is a pathetic writer, we draw down the corners of our mouth, and pull a long face at some prospective sorrow or sadness, anticipating rather gruesomely that when February brings the continuation we shall have to let loose the flood-gates of sympathy, and surrender ourselves to the full tide of grief. We would be quite content to go on and know the worst at once; but "*To be continued*" pulls us up with a shock—it is of no use to be eager and impatient; we must wait the revolution of the periodical cycle in obedience to the editorial decree. Thus it has long been with fiction, and thus it has latterly begun to be with more serious matters—so that we now imbibe our morals, science, politics, in portions periodically served up to suit the public appetite and powers of assimilation.

There are many people who don't like this fractional method of feeding and being fed; they complain, and it must be confessed with some show of justice, that such fragmentary morsels make but a Barmecide feast, serving only to provoke an appetite without satisfying it. They prefer things in the

lump—a full meal served decorously and deliberately, rather than a succession of surreptitious bites at intervals—and they turn up supercilious noses at the long drawn-out banquet of scraps. But people of this class have their remedy; they have only to wait until the last instalments are due and paid, and then, if not before, the librarian will come to their relief, and they can feed to satiety off his solid volumes if they choose. Which is the preferable mode of proceeding—whether it is really better to take one's intellectual pabulum in small and regular portions at stated intervals, or to fall-to at a full meal? this is a question we do not feel competent to determine. Much might doubtless be said on both sides, though it is doubtful whether anything that any man could say would have any appreciable effect on the existing practice, based as that is on the convenience of the reading public, who might come to be much less a reading public than they are if the practice were discontinued.

But whether the literary custom we are discussing be worthy of the approbation it practically meets with, or really lies open to the serious objections sometimes made against it—one thing is sufficiently clear and indisputable, and that is, that all other affairs with which mankind have to do are carried out on the *to-be-continued* plan. The power which the heathen called fate allots us nothing in the lump—the "sisters three" do not visit us in three volumes. *Dix aliter visum*. Our lives are a succession of continuations, which we must fain accept as they come. In the chequered story of our life, some of the continuations we would like to have are apt to linger on the road, or not to come at all, while those we would gladly dispense with have the habit of coming with a regularity which shocks us with its uniformity. To descend, for the sake of illustration, to the beggarly elements of £ s. d.—just look at the landlord, with his quarterly applications for house-rent—at that dingy, dark-complexioned person the Assessed Taxes—and that hard-featured ink-bottle on two legs the Parish Rates. How regularly these unwelcome intruders thrust themselves upon us, and how disagreeable they make themselves if their demands are not summarily complied with. We do not care to see the fellows at all, and would be glad to be done with them once and away, but they won't be done with us, and will "be continued" in spite of us. On the other hand, those railway shares whose dividends promised to be continued to the tune of seven per cent., have come to an end; those Long Stop Limited debentures have come to a full stop; and that Wheal Jemima mine, after talking so big about thirty per cent., brings not now a penny to the till. These were to have been continued, but their continuations have lapsed into limbo—gone with the flowers of last year's spring, and we know not that they will ever return.

It is presumable that if we could have our own way we should so order it, or at least should endeavour so to order it, that our lives should be continued in one long persistent series of such pleasures and satisfactions as we are individually most accustomed to prize and to enjoy. There are few of us who would not like to have the power of so far controlling our own destiny; and yet the probability, nay, the certain fact, is that if such power were accorded us the very first thing that most of us would do would be to furnish evidence in some shape or other of our unfitness for the trust. We are not fashioned either



physically or intellectually for an existence that should be independent of forces and influences outside of ourselves: to live at all in any true sense we must antagonise with circumstances in some way or other, and yet it cannot be questioned that if we could make our will the law we should subject circumstance to it, and dispense with the antagonism. "I would like to live my own life," is the cry that is in every man's heart, whether he utter it aloud or not. That is what we all desire; we do not relish the idea of sinking our own individuality out of sight, and merging our personal interests in those of our fellow-creatures. In our selfishness we would like all the good and pleasant things "to be continued," and all the things that afflict or annoy us to be swept out of the way for good and all. But the drama of life has not been constructed on any such principle as that, and we are forced to accept the plan as it is—to figure often in scenes for which we have no sort of liking, and to await the development of events with such philosophy as we have at command. Some of us can do this pretty well so long as circumstances are tolerably favourable, or even not being favourable are sufficiently flexible and controllable by our strong will to allow us to mould them to our purpose; and we are apt to think a good deal of the energy which thus masters opposition. But this is really a little thing to boast of, and may be said to have its full reward in the consciousness that goes along with it. A much greater thing is to struggle and toil and fight against oppositions without any consciousness of a coming triumph, and to accept with equal mind the disappointment and defeat of all our endeavours.

"To be continued," or not? That is a question which will often present itself to the mind. Is the health we enjoy at this moment to be ours this day month, or this day next year? Or is that dreary bout of sickness which laid us on the shelf last autumn "to be continued" in the coming fall? Is the worldly prosperity which, for years past, has been our portion, to be continued in the future? Or is the dismal experience, which has latterly fallen upon so many others, impending on us? How many pleasant things one thinks of which we should like to be continued and which never are. Where are the fresh feelings of early life? What has become of the friendships that were vowed to be eternal? Where are the old simple delights and satisfactions which were wont to be the treasures of our youth? They are gone; they would not be continued, and will not be recalled—and it is of no use to cast longing lingering looks into the past with the expectation of seeing them again. And if we look forward, what is it that meets us there? The outlook is double and delusive, and not all unblest in that it is delusive. To be sure, the bright things we desiderate, and whose continual recurrence we should be so glad to secure, do not come with the delightful regularity we desire, and we are often obliged to put up with nothing more than the pleasurable anticipation of them, or at most with some shadowy fulfilment of our heart's wish, in place of the full fruition of enjoyment. But, if that is true, it is also true that many a cross, many a trial, many a defeat, the anticipations of which vex and worry and fret our souls, proves to be nothing more than a bugbear of the imagination. In the one case we are the fools of expectation—in the other of apprehension.

And what is the moral of this random homily? Not to be too serious, let it be *Carpe diem*! Let us

learn to appreciate and enjoy the present in a grateful spirit—accepting fully and freely the "to-be-continued" plan, consenting that our lives shall be read off chapter by chapter, or page by page, as the instalments are dealt out, with such alternations of cloud and sunshine as may be in store for us. If we live "the life of faith," we may, in the highest sense, "take no thought for the morrow." We can make the most of the daily blessings that fall within our reach: and if evil befall us, let us try to realise the soul of good that is in it, and thus make a blessing of that also. So shall the story of our life lead to a satisfactory *dénouement* when the last chapter of this transitory life is ended, and there is nothing further "to be continued."

### Who is thy Friend?

Who is thy friend? The man that shares thy pleasures  
In banquet-hall or beauty's witching bowers;  
He that will dance with thee to folly's measures,  
And make no reckoning of the squandered hours—  
To whom the revel and the game is all?—  
These are the friends that help men to their fall.

Who is thy friend? The man that shares thy pride,  
Thine hour of glory, or thy day of gain;  
Who stands in every triumph by thy side,  
And never finds that triumph false or vain,  
But shapes his doctrine as thy humour goes!—  
These are the friends misfortune turns to foes.

Who is thy friend? The man that for his winning  
To power or place hath need of thine or thee;  
Who will not fear thy risk, or blame thy sinning,  
So it but speed his fortune's growing tree;  
Whose praise is large, whose promise larger yet!—  
These are the friends that fail us and forget.

Who is thy friend? The man of truth and trust,  
In gladness near, in sorrow nearer still;  
To thy faults generous, to thy merits just,  
Thy help to every good from every ill,  
Whose love for the world's hate might make amends!—  
Alas for it! this life hath few such friends.

Who is thy friend? The best, the least regarded,  
In faith unailing, and in love unchanged  
Through all thy changeable years, though ill rewarded,—  
Give Him thy heart, so long and far estranged;  
And from the broken reeds of earth ascend,  
To seek in heaven thine everlasting Friend.

Frances Browne.

### Death, the Gate of Life.

ARE death's dark emblems suited for the grave  
Of him who dwells in heaven's unclouded light?  
For souls arrayed in robes of dazzling white  
Shall blackest palls and plumes funeral wave?  
Shall lilies drooping with untimely blight,  
Torches reversed whose flame is quenched in night,  
And columns shattered our compassion crave  
For those whom Christ by death did fully save,—  
Who now, made perfect, serve, and in his sight  
Drink of the fountain of supreme delight?  
Rear high the shaft, *new life* thereon engrave!  
Turn up the torch, it never burnt so bright!  
A richer hue and scent the lily gives,—  
Not till the Christian dies he fully lives!

Newman Hall.

## Varieties.

**PROGRESS OF SAVINGS-BANKS.**—The sums at the credit of the savings-banks of the United Kingdom in the books of the National Debt Commissioners at the end of March amounted to £49,212,224—viz., £36,920,483 belonging to trustee savings-banks and £12,291,741 belonging to post-office savings-banks.

**A CHANCERY SUIT.**—A suit in the Court of Chancery of most venerable age has lately been killed by a compromise. The suit was born in 1805, and was reared and nurtured through infancy, youth, and manhood by 31 counsel and eight firms of solicitors. Of the 31 counsel from time to time engaged in its education, one was and one is now Lord Chancellor, one was Master of the Rolls, two were Vice-Chancellors of England, one was Lord Chancellor of Ireland, one was Chancellor of the Exchequer, one was Speaker of the House of Commons, one Accountant-General, one Attorney-General, one Solicitor-General, two were Knights, more than half-a-dozen were King's or Queen's Counsel, and two were conveyancers of immortal renown. The suit having grown to manhood, produced four young suits as its offspring, all of which became extinct with their parent. The occasion of the birth of the original suit was the failure of a banking-house, which was formed in 1794 and stopped in 1803. Among the parties to the parent and younger suits was one earl, the Earl of Leicester (Mr. Coke, of Norfolk), one viscount, one viscountess, one baronet, and one clergyman.

—*Law Journal.*

**THE ARMY OF 1869.**—The Army Estimates for the financial year 1869-70 provide for a total efficient force of 115,934. Adding 9,595 for depôts in the United Kingdom of regiments in India, the total force on the British establishment is brought up to 125,529, the number voted last session being 136,650. There must be added, further, 875 for the general and departmental staff, and 963 for establishments, bringing the total to 127,366, as against 138,691 voted last session. Her Majesty's British forces in India will be 63,707; the number voted last session was 64,466. The Militia vote this session provides regimental pay for 5,066 on the permanent staff, and 128,971 volunteers—the same numbers as last session. The vote for the Yeomanry Cavalry is for 363 on the permanent staff, and 16,745 volunteers—a number larger than that of last session. The vote for the Volunteer corps provides capitation grants for 33,689 artillery, the number last session being 30,084, 136,859 Light Horse, Engineers, and Rifle Volunteers, the number last session being 124,605; and 102,460 extra efficient, the number last year being 90,587. The Army Reserve vote, which includes enrolled pensioners, provides bounty for 2,000 men of the army reserve, class 1, and 22,000 men of class 2.

**WINDOW CURTAINS.**—In the early part of this century window curtains were only made of silk or damask. The material known as "rep" was next introduced, and was in many respects superior to what had been used before. But the Germans have invented a still better stuff, a mixture of silk, wool, and cotton, called "cotelan" in the shops, which is often worked in diaper patterns of excellent design. It is one of the most artistic examples of modern textile fabric which I know. To the French we are indebted for a heavy ribbed material, decorated with broad bands or stripes of colour running transversely to its length, and resembling the pattern of a Roman scarf. This stuff has been much in vogue of late years, particularly among artists and people of good independent taste. Another French material called "algerine" appeared for a short while in the London shops. It was made chiefly of cotton, and was also designed with horizontal stripes of colour on an unbleached white ground. In effect it was all that could be wished, and it had, moreover, the additional advantage of being washable; but, of course, because it was cheap, and about the best thing of the kind which had appeared for many years, it found few admirers, and but little demand.—*Eastlake's Hints on Furniture.*

**RICHMOND INFIRMARY.**—We observe the announcement of a "grand fancy bazaar, to be held in the grounds of Cambridge Park, Twickenham, on the 24th, 25th, and 26th of June, in aid of the purchase fund for the Richmond Infirmary." The bazaar is under the patronage of the Princess Mary Adelaide of Teck, the Comtesse de Paris, the Duchesse d'Aumale, the Princess Marguerite d'Orleans, the Countess Russell, the Countess Waldegrave, and many distinguished persons associated with that district, the hospital being not for Richmond only, but for Twickenham, Petersham, Ham, Mortlake, Isleworth, Kew, and the neighbourhood. This local charity, apart from its benevo-

lent purposes, has an interest in connection with national literature and poetry. The infirmary covers the site of the summer cottage of Thomson, the poet of "The Seasons." In a lecture on English poetry and poets, delivered at Isleworth, by Mr. George Measom, of St. Margaret's, Isleworth, the honorary secretary and treasurer of the Infirmary Fund, we find the following account of Thomson's house:—"On the death of the poet, in his forty-eighth year, the house was purchased by a Mr. Ross, a great admirer of the poet, who, in veneration of his memory, forbore to destroy it, but spent £9,000 in enlarging and improving it. The walls of the cottage were left, and continued upwards to their present height; the roof was of course removed, and what was Thomson's cottage is now the hall of Shaftesbury House. Part of the hall was the room where Thomson sat, and a few years since might have been seen the table, with a scroll of white wood let into the surface, bearing the inscription, 'On this table Thomson wrote; it was therefore purchased of his servant, who also gave the brass hooks on which his hat and cane were hung, in this his sitting room.' The inscription was signed 'F. B.' The initials were those of the Honourable Francis Boscawen. Shaftesbury House is now known as the Richmond Infirmary." Mr. Measom quotes some lines of the poet in "Winter," appropriate to the present appeal—

"Ah! little think the gay, licentious, proud,  
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;  
They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,  
In wanton, often cruel, riot waste.  
Ah! little think they while they dance along,  
How many feel this very moment death,  
And all the sad variety of pain."

From the same passage we may express a hope that—

"The conscious heart of charity may warm,  
And her wide wish benevolence dilate."

**MARRIAGES IN SCOTLAND.**—There is the usual paucity of numbers in May, and the usual inflation of numbers in the succeeding month of June; the invariable excess of marriages at the holiday seasons of New Year's Day, and the annual fair in July, as well as at the term of Martinmas, when the engagements of domestic servants cease and their wages become available. A similar result from a similar cause would unquestionably be experienced in May, but for the aversion to marriage in that month, which still exercises a potent sway over the public mind. As to the days of the week, it is a well-established fact that nine-tenths of the whole are celebrated on Friday, and only a few upon Tuesday and Wednesday. Saturday and Monday are very rarely adopted, and I have never heard of such a thing in Glasgow as a marriage on Sunday. These peculiarities are singularly at variance with those of our southern neighbours, who will not marry on Friday, and will marry on Sunday. Of 4,057 marriages tabulated in certain districts in and near London, Birmingham, Manchester, and the northern counties, only two per cent. were found to be celebrated on Friday, while no less than thirty-two per cent. were entered into on Sunday; Monday being next in favour, and showing twenty-one per cent.; then Saturday, seventeen per cent.; Tuesday, eleven; Thursday, nine; and Wednesday, eight per cent. Thus one-half of the weddings occurred on Sunday and Monday. In former reports I expressed a doubt whether or not our people were influenced by any lingering of classic sentiment in thus tabooing May as a marriage month. Assuredly they exhibit such leanings, whether intentionally or not, in their choice of Friday, which in the old classic days was sacred to love. The Registrar-General of England says:—"Seamen will not sail, women will not wed, on a Friday so willingly as on other days of the week." As already shown, the partialities of our women in Scotland are all the other way.—*Statistical Report of Glasgow, by W. W. Watson, City Chamberlain.*

**MARCH WINDS AND APRIL SHOWERS.**—Repentance and pardon are like to the three vernal months of the year—March, April, and May. Sin comes in like March—blustering, stormy, and full of bold violence. Repentance succeeds like April—showering, weeping, and full of tears. Pardon follows like May—springing, singing, full of joys and flowers. If our hands have been full of March, with the tempests of unrighteousness, our eyes must be full of April, with the sorrow of repentance; and then our hearts shall be full of May, in the true joy of forgiveness.—*Thomas Adams.*